

hold on us and if we are not very careful he will get full control of us. This world depends on us young people at some time in the near future. The old soldiers cannot always be here to stand in front of the ranks, facing the foe and bid the younger ones to march forward into battle and carry the banner of salvation thro the world driving the enemy before us. Some day we must do that part of the service for the Master. So let us be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might and ever keep our eyes on that blessed Jesus who is doing so much for us. He will give you power to overcome all temptations and will help you to carry your message to those around you. Let others do as they may, you live for Christ, then you shall have the victory.

But I must bring this to a close for fear it will go in the waste basket. Remember the word of the Lord. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven. If this escapes the waste basket I will try and write an article on, Are you in favor of war? Pray for me that I may grow stronger in the faith and in the service of the Master, and bring a few souls to Christ before I leave this world. Yours for the salvation of souls.

Hopedale, Ill.

## Home Circle

### NOT AS I WILL

"Not as I will!" the sound grows sweet  
Each time my lips the words repeat.  
"Not as I will;" the darkness feels  
More safe than light when this thought steals  
Like whispered voice to calm and bless  
All unrest and all loneliness.  
"Not as I will," because the One  
Who loved us first and best has gone  
Before us on the road, and still  
For us must all his love fulfill,  
"Not as we will." —H. H.

### THE UNGRATEFUL SOLDIER

Here is a story of the battlefield. There was war between the Swedes and the Danes. One day a great battle was fought, and the Swedes were beaten, and driven from the field. A soldier of the Danes who had been slightly wounded was sitting on the ground. He was about to take a drink from the flask. All at once he heard some one say,—

"O, Sir! give me a drink, for I am dying."

It was a wounded Swede who spoke. He was lying on the ground only a little way off. The Dane went to him at once. He knelt down by the side of his fallen foe, and pressed the flask to his lips. "Drink," said he, "for thy need is greater than mine."

Hardly had he spoken these words, when the Swede raised himself on his elbow. He pulled a pistol from his pocket, and shot at the man who would

have befriended him. The bullet grazed the Dane's shoulder, but did not do him much harm.

"Ah, you rascal!" he cried. "I was going to befriend you, and you repay me by trying to kill me. Now I will punish you. I would have given you all the water, but now you shall have only half." And with that he drank the half of it and then gave the rest to the Swede.

When the king of the Danes heard about this, he sent for the soldier and had him tell the story just as it was.

"Why did you spare the life of the Swede after he had tried to kill you?" asked the king.

"Because, sir," said the soldier, "I could never kill a wounded enemy."

"Then you deserve to be a nobleman," said the king. And he rewarded him by making him a knight, and giving him a noble title.—*Famous Stories Retold.*

### FRANK'S DREAM

Frank had been walking in the garden with his uncle, who had been explaining to him how the plant was rolled up in the tiny seed, and how the sun and rain and air worked together with the mysterious life that was in the germ of the seed to unroll it and make it stretch out into a tall, fruitful plant.

He fell asleep in the arbor thinking about it, and dreamed that he heard a number of soft voices talking close to him. He listened, and soon came to know that they were talking about him, and seemed to be rejoicing that they had found him.

"Isn't it wonderful," one of the voices exclaimed. "Just to think that there is a splendid man wrapped up in him."

"Yes, dear Faith," answered another, "and it is our duty to help get the man out. It will be your turn first. What will you do?"

"I will teach him to become rooted in Christ," answered Faith, "so that he may begin to grow. What will you do, sister Prayer?"

"Oh, I will strengthen your arms and help him by claiming the promises to draw rich nourishment for his growth."

"And I," spoke up Promise, "will help you by giving him the rich things God has in store for him as soon as he is hungry for them, and here by my side in the Word of Commandment and Warning and Knowledge and Praise. They will help him to grow into a strong man."

"And I," said obedience, "will hasten his growth by turning him in the direction of Promise. I will lead him to where you can reach him."

"And I," spoke up Good Works, "will give him such exercise every day that he will grow rapidly."

"And I," whispered a voice that sounded like a soft zephyr, "will watch over you all and over him; and make all your

work fruitful and perfect him in the image of his Father."

Then all the other voices softly whispered: "It was the Spirit that spoke. Amen. So will we do if he will give attention to us."—*Christian Endeavor World.*

### A NOBLE EXAMPLE

The earnest words of Colonel James B. Coryell, of Williamsport, Pa., commanding the Twelfth Regiment of Pennsylvania, deserve the condemnation of all who are interested in the moral welfare of our soldiers at this crisis. Among other things Colonel Coryell said, in addressing his men: "To you, gentlemen, who are ready to go to war for your country's honor, I would state that you are entering upon an entirely new life—one that is full of temptations, temptations which will require your utmost strength to resist. I hesitated for a moment, myself, about saying yes, when I thought of the great responsibility resting upon me as your commander. But for my country's sake I gave an affirmative answer: and with God as my helper, I will strive to take you to your homes morally the same boys and men that you are now!"

These are the words of a Christian, as well as of a patriot, and they are a noble example for every commander, chaplain and Christian worker who has under moral stewardship our soldiers. The reading of these stirring words should deepen the interest of every Christian in the spiritual welfare of our country's defenders. Let us pray for our soldier boys, and do all in our power to shield them amid their facing of Spanish shot and shell, and from the more terrible shafts of the adversary of their souls.—*The Presbyterian.*

### THE DOLL THAT TALKED

"Dorothy Ann, are you sleepy?" asked Dollikins. Dorothy Ann did not answer, but went on smiling with her red wax lips. Dollikins gave her a little shake. "Dear me," she said, "I do wish you could talk! I am so tired of having a doll that never answers, no matter how much I say to her. It is very stupid of you, Dorothy Ann. There, go to sleep."

Dollikins turned her back on Dorothy Ann, and went to sleep herself. Then she began to dream. She thought Dorothy Ann sat up straight in her crib and opened her big blue eyes wide.

"Mamma!" she said.

"Oh, you can talk!" cried Dollikins, joyfully.

"Mamma, my pillow is not at all soft," said Dorothy Ann, in a complaining voice. "And you forgot to take off my shoes."

"I am sorry," said Dollikins.

"And I didn't have anything but